

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, June 1, 1877.

W. P. WALTON, Editor

A small body of political malcontents met in Washington this week to organize a new party, in opposition to the present administration, and in favor of Blaine, of Maine, but it was such a fizzling failure, that the participants retired in disgust with themselves and everybody else. Old Sitting Bull Morton was not of the number, as he still has hopes of his miserable party, but in a long letter of a recent date, he is anything but complimentary to our illustrious *de facto* President, although he admits that he does not believe that President Hayes intends to desert or destroy the Republican party, and attempt to erect a new one on its ruins. Morton is too sharp, to want to cross swords with Hayes, as he is aware that such a proceeding on his part would result in his complete annihilation.

A young woman at North Troy, Vermont, became incensed at the Editor of a local paper on account of some slanderous remarks that had appeared in his paper concerning her. She did not sit down and cry and send her big brother after the Editor, but procuring some red pepper and a heavy cowhide, proceeded to his office and after filling his eyes with the pepper, administered a severe flogging. That Editor will mind how he does his T's and crosses his T's hereafter, especially when writing about the gender sex.

CAPT. FRENCH TIPTON, late of the *Courier-Journal* staff, has been commissioned by that paper and other leading Southern journals, as special European war correspondent. He left Louisville last Tuesday, for the seat of conflict, to remain an indefinite time. Mr. W. T. Price, for a long time an attaché of the *Courier-Journal*, has been assigned to the department made vacant by Capt. Tipton's withdrawal, and we may now look for a little spice occasionally in the Kentucky and Southern news column.

JUDGE RICHARD HAWES, a lawyer and statesman of the olden time, died at Paris, last Friday, in the 81st year of his age. He filled many offices of honor and trust during his life, having represented his county three times in the Legislature of the State, and the Ashland District in Congress in 1837-41, and in 1862 was elected Provisional Governor of this State. At the time of his death he was County Judge of Bourbon.

News comes from the dear old mother of States and statesmen, Virginia, that at the recent election of town and county officers, the Conservatives, a synonym for Democrats, carried their tickets by an overwhelming majority. There is life in the old land yet.

The Adams Express Company, today, creates a new department to be called "Special Traffic." The class of packages are to be of limited value and not exceeding four pounds in weight, and will be carried by the Company at the low rate of one cent per ounce, the minimum charge being ten cents.

Mrs. Thompson, a daughter of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Church, which to the unregenerated is known as the "Campbellite Church" has been appointed by Hayes to be Postmaster of Louisville.

COL. C. E. BOWMAN having declined the Democratic nomination for the Legislature in Boyle, we understand that it is the policy of the party not to take any action towards naming a candidate for the present.

STORY OF INTEREST.

Ex-Governor Noyes, of Ohio, has been appointed Minister to France.

There are rumors of an early declaration of peace between the European belligerents.

The town Marshal of Richmond, shot and killed last Sunday, a notorious negro that hit him with a stick.

The frame factory of I. & A. Nurie, Cincinnati, has been destroyed by fire. Loss \$10,000, insurance only \$12,000.

There are 33,000 full-fledged lawyers in the United States—bodes nearly that number preparing to fledge.

The next meeting of the Kentucky Dental Association will be at Paris, 5th of June, and continue in session three days.

The speech of Hon. Henry Watterson over the graves of the Union soldiers at Nashville, last Wednesday, is one of the grandest pieces of oratory on record.

Three negroes were hung with iron chains in Georgia, Monday, by a mob for the murder of a white lady who resisted them, when they attempted to rob her.

The contest against the will of Ven. P. Armstrong has been compromised, Mrs. Armstrong agreeing to pay into the court the sum of \$88,000, of which \$15,000 is to go to W. O. Armstrong, son of deceased, who was cut off by the will with only one dollar. She also releases her reversionary interest in two other legacies.

There is nothing of importance from the Turk-Russian seat of war. A few little skirmishes, with a good deal of newspaper blowing, is about the extent of the operations so far.

Chas. F. Lowry, formerly a prominent merchant of Lexington, committed suicide in his room at the Ashland House last Saturday. Repeated failures in business is the supposed cause of the rash act.

Another Indian battle has just been fought on the frontier. The Indians were repulsed with a number of killed and wounded, and with a loss of several hundred ponies. No loss of importance is reported on the army side.

An excursion train with the new Board of Directors and the Trustees of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, passed over the line from Cincinnati to Somersett, returning to the former city on yesterday. The new Directors are examining the track, &c., preparatory to starting trains at once.

Several prisoners confined in the jail at Lexington succeeded in getting out after knocking the jailer down, but their liberty was of short duration as the citizens gave chase and captured them after a sharp run. One of them, a negro, was shot and pretty badly wounded before he could be secured.

A young married couple named Steinbacher, who lived in New York, had a slight family jar, such as is likely to occur in the best regulated family. The wife thinking to punish her husband "cut off her nose to spite her face" by drinking a cup of cold poison and expiring in his presence almost immediately. Then he was stricken with remorse and to end his sufferings fired a bullet through his skull, killing a corpse across the dead body of his wife. "United in life, and in death they were not divided" the silly fools.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

Mr. T. P. FARRIS, May 30th, 1877.

Boys, behave yourselves.

A good rain is much needed.

Judge McClure has returned from Cincinnati.

Hallow! You can get your picture taken in Mt. Vernon now.

George D. Burdett, of Lancaster, was here on a brief visit this week.

The buildings burned in the recent fire will be replaced with brick ones.

Mr. J. S. Christian and wife, of Danville, passed through here yesterday, en route to the River.

Elder S. H. King preached a very interesting and instructive discourse to a good audience here, last night.

Doc. McClary returned safe and sound, yesterday, from the races. He says Tom Brock's great horse.

The Blaine party will be only a faction; the Hayes party will be—well, we'll wait till we see more of Hayes.

Last Monday was County Court day. There was a slim crowd in town—the farmers being busy with their crops.

T. T. Wallace says he caught a Jack fish last week, thirty inches in length which weighed—pounds. He ate it, also.

The case of love recently discovered by "Dicky Rose," of the *Edie*, is, it would seem, his own case. It is altogether a *mixed affair*.

License was issued last week by our County Clerk, for the marriage of Mr. Tucker, of Lincoln, to Miss Eva Cooley, of this county.

That philosophical discussion last Saturday night, was freighted with interest. The "club" ought to hold open sessions. What say you, gentlemen?

The present session of Mt. Vernon Academy, will close Friday, June 1st. There will be no public exercises other than an examination of the classes.

There is plenty of news here, if we would write it. But we don't like to write about ourselves. There is not a particle of egoism in us.

Why is the *Interior Journal* like "Brady's Bitter?" That's easy. Because "every body tak's it." (N. B.—We ought to charge Brady something for this.)

Bad men should not be allowed to lay around the depot on Saturday nights, drinking, "cussing" and yelling—making the nights hideous, and keeping honest folks awake.

Mr. W. A. Burdett, not desiring to sell tank at \$8 per cord, will, with characteristic energy, stack and put under shelter about 500 cords, which he will keep for another season and better prices.

We must tell you correspondent, "Clio," that she misinterpreted our remarks on the "paradise" question. What we wrote was sarcasm—of the "freethinking," no doubt sort. Still, Mt. Vernon is a paradise, to us, because there are angels in it.

This is a local option town. A thirty-looking stranger in it the other day, hearing a citizen remark that somebody was drunk a short time before, exclaimed in unaffected language, "Whom on earth did he get whisky in this town to get drunk up?" His remark was so happily made that we give him a present.

The Rockcastle Court of Common Pleas will convene at this place, next Tuesday, the 5th day of June, and will continue twelve days. The session promises to be one of some interest, though the docket is not large. It is made up of 84 cases—41 Equity and 35 Ordinary. The suits of the attaching creditors against W. P. Chestnut et al., have been compromised, and will be dismissed.

The parties who were burned out are finding new quarters. Dr. S. W. Brown, has moved his family into the building back of Brinkley's store; Charles Kirkley, has an office on Main Street, opposite Webster's corner; Dr. J. J. Brown, has an office

in the Court House yard; J. E. Allen, has opened his Furniture Store on Main Street, while your correspondent, whose sleeping apartments were reduced to ashes by the recent conflagration, is not sleeping in the open air as some malicious babbler has reported. On the contrary, he has found a new home, where he is pleasantly and comfortably situated.

James Adams came near meeting with a fatal accident one day last week. He was driving a wagon loaded with timber drawn by a pair of mules, and was descending the hill just back of town, when suddenly the team became frightened and started at full speed. Adams endeavored to retain his seat and to check the mules, but a sudden turn threw him off, his head striking a rock and receiving a considerable contusion. His wife, also, was slightly injured. Luckily, he escaped without serious damage, though the risk he ran was great. Neither the team nor wagon was badly hurt.

Madison COUNTY NEWS.

Kirkville. May 29th, 1877.

Cool, dry weather prevails at present.

Kirkville has a daily mail now.

The wet, cool weather of a fortnight ago, injured the germ of a great deal of corn that was planted, making a large amount of replanting necessary. The present prospect is not flattering for that cereal.

Wheat, rye, oats and meadow, are looking well, and pasture are excellent.

Mr. D. R. Willis engaged 40 year old steers for Fall delivery to a gentleman from Fayette, at 42 cents. He also sold a lot of 60 lambs to Dr. Montgomery, of Paint Lick, at 5 cents per pound. Mr. W. T. Terrell, also engaged a good lot of 2 year old cattle to the Fayette party at the same figures. Mr. J. P. Simmons sold a lot of fat hogs for June delivery to Mr. Galen White, at 5 cents.

The Methodist are talking of building a new church at Kirkville.

Zariah Finnell is making the foundation for his new residence.

The hum of the planing machine and the whistle of the steam engine now breaks the monotony of our usually quiet village.

An effort is being made with a fair prospect of success, to complete the Hyattville, Paint Lick and Kirkville Turnpike road. When this is done, the line will be complete from Lancaster to Richmond, which will reduce the distance between those points about four miles. The gap to be supplied is only about two miles. The money is about all subscribed, and but one exception. This will be an important road to Kirkville.

The Methodist are talking of building a new church at Kirkville.

Mr. W. T. Terrell, of Kirkville, has been promoted to the Legislature, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

On Saturday last, a horse ran away with John Arnold's rockaway, doing no damage beyond breaking the vehicle.

A little fellow was knocked senseless on the Bass Ball Grounds last Friday, and was with difficulty restored.

Pleasant Grove Church put forth a grand display of new suits and handsome fashions on Sunday. A "looker-on in Vienna" said there never was so many pretty girls assembled before in one place.

The friends of Dr. Armstrong, of Bryantville, have solicited him to become a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Wires at 25 cents and up, at Carson & Dadds.

Reed Reels!! Poles!! Poles!! at Anderson & McRoberts.

Please call and settle your account.

TOILET SOAPS.—A large and new supply at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Best Worm Lozenges at 5 cents per dozen at Anderson & McRoberts'.

J. H. & S. H. Shanks have for sale 50 2-year old cattle, at reasonable figures.

For Pure White Lead, and Oil, very cheap—call at Anderson & McRoberts.

Go to Anderson & McRoberts for all kinds and colors of Extra Mixed Paints.

B. T. Babitt's pure Concentrated Potash for making Soap, at Anderson & McRoberts'.

A large new supply of Machine Nogales, for all Machines, at Anderson & McRoberts.

Best B. F. Gravely Tobacco is sold at only 50 cents a plug at Anderson & McRoberts'.

SAVE YOUR EYES. Buy a pair of Lazarus & Morris' perfected Spectacles, at E. R. Chenuault's.

PHYSICAL prescriptions and Pharmaceutical preparations, a specialty at E. R. Chenuault's.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have just received a superior lot of Pistols, Cartridges and Cutters.

If you want a good clock, you can find it at Chenuault's, at city prices. Warranted twelve months.

A handsome stock of every thing in the Jewelry line, at E. R. Chenuault's, at less than city prices.

Curative for Bunion, Corns, In-Growing Nails—will cure.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS.

Persons in need of good cheap Harness & Saddles, will find it to their interest to call on Carson & Dadds.

Arcic Soda Water, only 5 cents a glass, at E. R. Chenuault's. Tickets for six glasses can be had at the counter for 25 cents.

Buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, White Lead, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, School Books, Stationery, &c., at E. R. Chenuault's.

We desire to purchase 50 veerings and 50 calves, and will pay for same in goods, cash notes, or money, as the seller may desire.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS.

FARMERS, we will furnish you Laird Oils, extra, at \$1 25; No. 1, \$1 00; No. 2, 80 cents. Call and see us before buying. Anderson & McRoberts.

Mrs. L. BEALEY wishes her friends and patrons to know that she keeps at all times new and fashionable Millinery Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Millinery and Dress Making."

Mrs. J. H. & S. H. Shanks desire to purchase a farm worth any where between \$1,000 and \$10,000, payable in Cash Notes. Persons desiring to sell would find it to their interest to see them at once.

S. N. MATHENY, the best Merchant Tailor in Central Kentucky, has a large stock and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Spring and Summer wear. He works the best material only, and always guarantees a good fit.

He will soon be in the City—be sure and call at the best Clothing house of J. Winter & Co. Their reputation for fair dealing and good Clothing is known to every one, and no house in Louisville has such an extensive stock as you will find there. No trouble to show goods and tell you prices.

BOUQUET.—It is indeed, pleasant to us, whose olfactory organs are ever and anon filled with the odor of printed ink, to have our sanctum perfumed by the breath of the Judge's voice, but judging from the applause and the number of complimentary utterances concerning it, his speech was well received. Court day in that section seems to be a general gala day, every body comes to town and the amount of whisky that is drunk, is simply alarming. There are many number of men past boozom, and still a greater number most hilariously inclined, but strange to say, not a single fight occurred, but it perhaps it wasn't fighting whisky. Through the kindness of our esteemed friend and liberal patron, Mr. Wm. Lucas, of Hustonville, we became acquainted with many of these veritons and succeeded in buging a number of substantial subscribers. Returning, we tarried a few moments at Hustonville, where every body we spoke to had something to say of the great and good work being accomplished by the Rev. G. O. Barnes. Already some 125 have professed a faith in the mercies of God and many others are enquiring "what they shall do to be saved." There seems to be a general uprising of the Holy Spirit and all Sectarianism has vanished for the time, preachers of all denominations there heartily assisting Mr. Barnes in his great work. That there is a wonderful magnetism in the manner and preaching of the man, is shown by his congregations continuing to increase even after six weeks of the meeting, and altho' he has preached twice a day during all that time he appears as fresh and his sermons as new and entertaining as at the first of the revival.

LAST Friday evening as Capt. Fouche's train was nearing Gilbert's Creek Station, one of the driving wheels of the engine became detached and flew off with great force, cutting a telegraph post down and burying itself in the earth. No other damage was done and nobody hurt but the Engineer and fireman, who received some bruises in jumping off the engine. Another engine was sent for and the train proceeded, after a detention of an hour or so.

IT matters not when you look into the neatly arranged store of Hayden Bros., you will nearly always see crowds of pretty women examining their superior line of DRESS GOODS. The reasons are obvious—selected elsewhere and their prices are ever to suit the times. Another supply of handsome greenbacks, popins, &c., just received. Go see them.

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LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

THE Louisville markets are so glutted with tan leather that it is hard to get \$8 per cord for it now.

Dan Swigert has sold his home Baden-Boden, to Wm. B. Astor, of New York, for \$12,000. West's Courier was sold after his triumph for \$2,500.

The magnificent cup won by Owens & Wethers' Bill Dillon, at the races Saturday, is on exhibition at Chenuault's drug store. It is known as the gentleman's cup, and is valued at \$250.

At Winchester Court Monday 800 cattle were offered for sale. They were mostly young. Bœuf 2-year olds brought 4½ per cent. 930 calves sold at from \$30 to \$35 per head; and 29 common 2-year olds brought \$30 35. Best horses sold at from \$75 to \$175. Pigs sold low. Demand for all classes of stock, good.

MOVED.—Mr. Jas. W. Alcorn has moved with his family to the new residence at the extreme end of Lancaster street.

HORSES STOLEN.—Alex Martin, who lives near the Souter's pine has two horses missing, which he supposes have been stolen.

NEXT Monday will be County Court day. The Magistrates of the county will also meet here to assess a levy to pay the claims allowed against the county.

SPRING.—Fontaine Fox Bobbitt writes us that he will inflict one of his speeches on the long-suffering public at this place, next Monday, County Court-day. Subject: State Politics.

ACQUITTED.—Geo. Farmer, colored, who was lodged in jail charged with attempting to assassinate a negro named White, had his examining trial before Judge Dennis, and was acquitted.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?—Mr. M. P. Hubble, who lives in the vicinity of Highland, tells us that he sheared a 3-months old lamb a short time since, and got 24 pounds of wool, some of which is five inches long.

M. E. B. HAYDEN has been at the benefit of his father's for a week, indicating for the benefit of his health. Joe Hayden and Mrs. Dunn are at their post, though, politically ministering to the wants of the public.

Mrs. TRUEHEART has arranged a most attractive programme for the Commencement Exercises of her school as will be seen by reference to another column. Already the young ladies are on the qui vive and are anticipating a notable time.

DEATH.—Squire W. R. Carson received yesterday, intelligence of the death of Mr. Charles C. Carson, of Kansas. The deceased was favorably known in this vicinity and was a merchant here for a number of years. He was made a Mason at the Lodge here over 40 years ago and died a bright and worthy member of that Order.

ANOTHER beautiful lot of Rushing just received at Hayden Bros.

TANBARK.—Already there have been shipped from this point 75 car loads, equal to 750 cords of Tanbark, and the cry is still it comes.

COOKING STOVES at special low prices for 30 days, to reduce our stock to make room for other goods soon to arrive.

WEARREN & EVANS.

A. A. WARREN again enters the field with the best Machine made, the old and well known front out, Buckeye Reaper and Mower. Samples on hand at the P. O. Stanford, Ky.

It is indeed a dark cloud that has no silver lining. The present dry spell while damaging greatly the corn and vegetables, is said by the farmers to be an advantage to the wheat, which in this section is very great.

STRAWBERRIES.—We are exceedingly obliged to Mr. J. M. Phillips, Sr., for a nice bowl of large and delicious Strawberries of his own raising. Their size and quality reflect great credit on his skill as a gardener.

We acknowledge an invitation from our popular Senatorial candidate, J. H. Bruce, Esq., to attend the meeting of the Julepites, at Hon. Wm. Berkley's to-day. It would afford us great gratification to be present, but we are unable to do so.

THE Railroad Company is repaving and otherwise improving the upper end of Deport street. The whole sidewalk on that street is sadly out of repair, and it would be well if the Company's jurisdiction extended the entire length of the street.

THE suits made by Miss Belle Hughes and her accomplished corps of assistants at the Dress making establishment of John H. Craig during this week, were perfect gems of Art. Her styles rank with the most elegant at the Great Exposition in the cities.

MISS LUCY BUTTERFIELD received another order from Danville this week for one of those elegant Silk Hats that are so admired by the lovers of the beautiful. The Novelties in Silk and Lingerie Hats were received this week from Louisville, and are perfectly charming.

ORATOR.—We see from a Virginia exchange that Mr. Junius Rochester, of this place, has been elected orator of the Washington Literary Society of the University of Virginia. The Commencement Exercises take place the latter part of this month, after which, Mr. Rochester will return home for the vacation.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, June 1, 1877.

[Written for THE INTERIOR JOURNAL]

TURNED ADRIFF.

BY MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS.

DEWITT BEVERLY is the name of him to whom my affections were pledged about two years ago. He, like my beloved mother, was English. He met us at the great Vienna Exposition, and came to America with us. His fortune is ample and my dear father had no hesitancy in consenting to our betrothal. At that time I was called by my own father's name of Landen. It pleased the caprice of my step-father that I should ever after his death wear the name I now bear; and this fact renders it difficult to trace me even if Dewitt should undertake the search. I cannot doubt his constancy; I shall never forget our last ride when he dismounted, leaned carelessly on the neck of his splendid horse and sang that song. It it were not a sin I should be compelled to love that man.

"Your burden has indeed been heavy, my child," said my guardian in gentle tones, "I see nothing to be done just now. When I reach my post I shall institute inquiries and ascertain something of his whereabouts. You know I will leave no method untried to ensure your happiness. Do you trust me?"

"More than any one in the world, was my involuntary reply as I extended my hand ungloved to him. He did not accept the words with any deeper meaning than the gratitude I attempted to convey; but enclosing my hand in his strong grasp, said in tones almost thrilling in their earnestness,

"This is our compact. Precious little hand! Unstirred and innocent, how can it escape without a blot?" Hastily raising it to his lips, he quickened our pace and when we bounded up the avenue to the group waiting at the door, there was nothing in either face to tell the story of the woodland tête-à-tête.

"You have had a delightful ride," said Guy.

"I can answer for myself," replied my escort, "although, gazing at his watch, "we were not out so long."

Juliet received me with an embrace, as the groom led away the horses, and bore me up to my chamber without stopping.

"Let's get this heavy habit off," she said, busying herself with the buttons, "and you shall have a nice rest before tea. I won't let Guy disturb you, or Brutus either."

Grateful to the gentle girl, I for a moment buried my face on her breast and wept out the tears that of late seemed ever ready to flow. With rare tact, she stroked my hair till I was quieted; then without a word, disengaged herself, placed my robe-de-chambre beside me, closed the shutters and went out softly to join the others whose voices sounded plainly from below.

A blank intervened when the same gentle touch recalled me to earth again, and I was soon in the parlor, refreshed if not cheered. How much I had learned in one brief day! And as the steady, magnetic eyes of my guardian met mine with the thrilling power that was peculiar to him, my heart swelled with fervent gratitude that my orphaned life was to be sheltered and protected by such care as was his to bestow. If an occasional pang clouded his fine countenance, it was quickly dispelled; and whether absorbed by the others or sitting beside me, he was ever mindful of my lightest look; and ever attentive to my most trivial word. When in defiance of all he pressed my hand good-night and bade God bless me, I left him with a strange new pain tugging at my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day dawned bright and warm. After an earlier breakfast than usual the huge carriage with four horses drew up to the door and Mrs. Garnet, Guy and my kind friend took seats for their journey of forty miles to Fort Semple. They drove off amid laughing good-byes, injunctions and rejoinders, and when we turned from the last sight of the waving handkerchiefs I alone bore a heavy heart.

"Now, cox," affectionately said Juliet, "will unpack your trunks and arrange your goods and chattels with a view to comfort and convenience. Adelaide has a day's work before her with her last outfit, and Myra has had no opportunity till now to read her beloved Jay's Devotions. Come."

We repaired at once to my possessions and two hours or more were employed in unfolding, refolding and adjusting drawers and shelves. A few handsome books, some rare toilet ornaments, and an exquisite writing-case were the only articles I had brought from the luxurious appointments of my late home. Meanwhile we talked; the life in the garrison, her snug friends, her betrothed, and a certain Major Dupont who seemed to my unprincipled judgment to possess greater influence over her fancy than over her lover.

I was amazed at her account of walks, talks and drives with him and of letters from him. I

"Do you accept his address?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, dear, no," she replied. "He was perfectly devoted to me, but I told him I could never be any thing more than a warm friend, and now he calls me his dear little sister. His letters are the sweetest things you ever read. He is as fascinating as his history is romantic. He married a beautiful girl about a year ago; had the service performed on a magnificent St. Lawrence steamer, with four British and four American officers as attendants. Just three weeks later they separated and the cause is as great a mystery as ever enveloped Lord Byron and his Arabella."

"You surely do not mean to say this man has a wife, I asked, with something of horror in my tones.

"Alas!" she answered; "a darkness blacker than my sad fate envelopes them all. The religion of Jesus finds but a slender foothold in Mountain Hall. This is one of my heaviest griefs;" and her gentle eyes filled with tears.

"How does it happen that you alone of the family possess the key to the truest content on earth?" I inquired.

"My training was the saddest discipline I ever knew," she replied mournfully. A few winters ago I was sent to the Seminary at C— to finish my education. I boarded with an old and valued friend of my mother and received the best medical attendance all the while.

The young Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral was a regular pastoral visitor of the family, and he gave me spiritual instruction, at the same time that he bound me to him by a feeling of attachment as deathless as eternity."

As she rattled on I wandered at a code of society that could so blunt the moral perceptions, and was in truth taking my first lesson in the hollow forms Captain Hadyn had so justly termed a fearful ordeal.

"Tell me something of your fiancée, Juliet, dear, I believe I am committing no breach to inquire?"

"Not at all, I assure you. Every body knows we were betrothed beside my father's death-bed and are to be married in a few months. Helen, you would like Carl Weaverton. He is as steady and true as I am sickle and wavering. Not that I do not love him. I am very sure I do love him dearly; but it is so hard to be tied down. Fortunately he's not a bit jealous. When he is with me I am content. But let Major Dupont come near and I am fascinated and delighted beyond expression."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"Reginald Ingle. He is a Virginian."

"I surely know his family," I replied; "If so, they are the trust of God's creatures."

We sat silent a few moments. I asked her if she did not long to see him. She was miserable at her total separation from the object she had so faithfully enshrined in her heart.

"Yes—I suppose I am," she replied doubtfully. "I often wish, oh! so earnestly, to hear his voice once more; to see his rapt, heavenly face. But, cousin, it is happiness enough to love such a man. I dream of him, see him in waking visions, and wait only for the end of our earthly career to be forever united in heaven."

"Plato, thou reasonest well," I thought.

Where amid the annals of human passion could there be found another instance of unselfish, unsatisfied affection? Giving all; asking nothing. Feeding upon a memory; a myth; the phantom of a voice. Receiving none of the soul-thrilling sustenance that nourishes mutual, demonstrative love. Clinging to a shadow without even the semblance of the substance.

I heard with unfeigned wonder, I told her of my beautiful Virginia home with its aristocratic manorial appointments, and dwelt as fondly as self-control would permit upon the dear ones who had graced its halls. I thought.

"Captain Hadyn feels a deep sympathy for the unprotected girl left in his care. This is all. Think how much older he is. He could never seriously love a child like myself."

"Couldn't? Pray how old is this sage guardian? Actually thirty? Just the age to take proper care of a wife, Mama would say. Well, I wish he may succeed, for my part. But Helen, you were telling me just now of Lida Grange. Go on and let me hear something of your home."

Glad to be rid of the troublesome topic she had been discussing, I told her of my beautiful Virginia home with its aristocratic manorial appointments, and dwelt as fondly as self-control would permit upon the dear ones who had graced its halls. I thought.

From the date of this conversation Myra Garnet was to me a gentle satellite and a ceaseless object of interest.

She was useful in some branches of household occupation, but nothing was ever expected from her when not voluntary contributed.

"How strange we never met," said Juliet. "But then we have always been far apart. West it is really not so much to be wondered at after all. I never saw my uncle but once."

Here Adelaide knocked and proposed a walk towards the cotton fields.

She wished, she said, to show me plantation life.

Our walk extended along the study wagon road, past the rows of cabin and as far as the fields where about two hundred negroes were drooping and dead. Myra had joined us and now stood timidly beside me venturing at length to draw her arm through mine. I supposed instantly to her proffered friendship and, during the general conversation, I had ventured to do under Mr. Garnet's critical eye.

With a few unimportant exceptions this day was like all others during the absence of the Fort Semple party.

Receiving Myra's hint of retiring to her devotions every morning I asked permission to read with her.

Thus began a delightful portion of the day. We devoted two hours to reading and studying the Scriptures; and employed such aids as the best commentators afforded.

She often said in her innocent way; "Cox, what would I do without you? I have plodded and worried over these difficult passages and all seemed dark to me. My brain is not clear. A fog seems to rise and blind my understanding. I am sure I shall have one of those fearful attacks soon. It is always so when they threaten me."

wish it were over, for then the mists will all pass away and I can understand what I read."

I could not express my sympathy for this lovely girl, so blighted by a fearful disease.

"Will not your sisters assist you, Myra? Surely they have time enough. Your mother."

"Alas!" she answered; "a darkness blacker than my sad fate envelopes them all. The religion of Jesus finds but a slender foothold in Mountain Hall. This is one of my heaviest griefs;" and her gentle eyes filled with tears.

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"Did you never," asked a translucent young lady just three weeks from Yasas, of the West Hill young man, "did you never feel a vague, unrestful yearning after the beyond? a wild, strange, impulsive longing and reaching after an unattainable?" And the West Hill young man said he often had, last summer; at such times he was trying to scratch a square full of hives, right between the shoulders, and just out of reach of those fearful attacks soon. It is always so when they threaten me."

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Striking Sun-Dials.

Another of those curious devices—striking sun-dials—has been invented by M. Allegret, the apparatus being a modification of what is known as the solar counter for registering the times at which the sun shines or is obscured. To effect this there are two balls, one black and the other yellow, fixed at the opposite ends of a lever, sustained by a central pivot. When the sun shines the black ball absorbs more heat than the yellow one, and the vapor of a liquid contained in the former is elevated to a higher temperature than in the latter. As the result, the vapor leaves the ball, and, being condensed in the other, this becomes the heavier, disturbs the equilibrium of the system, and in so doing liberates a weight, giving motion to a clock-work attachment. In M. Allegret's dial a pair of these balls is fixed at every hour mark. When the shadow of the gnomon reaches any particular hour mark, one of the balls is shaded, a preponderance of liquid enters the ball, the lever tilts, the mechanism is set going, and a gong sounds as often as the number of the hour to be indicated. It is, of course, necessary that the sun shine when the hour mark is being passed by the shadow, or the time will not be struck.

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"My training was the saddest discipline I ever knew," she replied, with something of horror in my tones.

"And this dear friend," I asked, "Myra? Surely they have time enough. Your mother."

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